



ALL-STAR SQUADRON

SPOTLIGHT ON
THE **ATOM**
STARMAN
and *Wonder Woman*

75¢
57
MAY 86



70989 31111

Mike Clark
SHERNO

1942—a world at war! And against the forces of Axis darkness, the mightiest heroes of Earth-Two have banded together, under direct orders of the President, as the

ALL-STAR SQUADRON

IN OTHER ERAS THE CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS HAS ENDED, FOLLOWING THE EPOCHAL EVENTS OF MID-1985, SKIES HAVE CHANGED FROM BROODING CRIMSON BACK TO BLINDING BLUE OR BILIOUS GREY.

IN APRIL 1942, HOWEVER, THINGS ARE A LITTLE BIT... DIFFERENT.

Kaleidoscope

YET, IF THE CRISIS ITSELF BE NOT ENTIRELY OVER—AT LEAST THE RETURN OF ITS TIME-TOSSED PARTICIPANTS IS NOT LONG DELAYED...

WE'RE BACK!

YEAH—BUT WHAT'S HAPPENED WHILE WE WERE GONE?

LOOKS LIKE WORLD WAR TWO CAME TO FLUSHING MEADOW—WITH A VENGEANCE!

GREAT SCOTT! THOSE RED SKIES ARE STILL MAKING EVERYTHING LOOK LIKE A BLOODBATH—BUT AT LEAST OUR FIVE MISSING ALL-STARS HAVE POPPED UP OUT OF NOWHERE!

THEN MAYBE WE WERE WRONG—AND THERE WAS NO CONNECTION?

GREAT! SO WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE SANDMAN—AND THE REST OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY?

AREN'T THEY ALL-STARS, TOO??

"Free men are fighting..."
—Pres. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
in another context, July 4, 1942.

ROY THOMAS *
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FIRST THINGS FIRST, SANDY. WHERE'VE YOU GUYS BEEN, ANYWAY?

BEEN? WHY, WE'VE--
UH-- WHY DON'T YOU
TELL 'EM, FIREBRAND?

BUT I DON'T
REMEMBER
ANYTHING--
SINCE I WAS
LIGHTING A
STOVE IN
MADISON
SQUARE
GARDEN!

WHAT'S THE
DIFFERENCE?
WE'RE BACK,
AREN'T WE?!

JUST IN TIME TO HELP US CLEAN
UP AFTER OUR FREE-FOR-ALL
WITH OOM THE MIGHTY AND
HIS CREW OF MISFITS.

*IN OUR CLASSIC 50TH ISSUE. --R.T.



AT LEAST
MAZE AND
I RECALL
THE START
OF THAT
LITTLE
SKIRMISH.*

SURE, BUT WHY DO I
HAVE THE FEELING
THAT SOMETHING EVEN
MORE IMPORTANT
HAPPENED IN BETWEEN?!

*W.B.
--R.



WHATEVER IT WAS, WILL, I'VE GOT A HUNCH
WE'LL NEVER KNOW... SO LET'S MOVE ON.

DID I HEAR SOMEBODY SAY
THE USA'S BEEN MISSING,
TOO? BUT DR. FATE'S HERE--
AND A COUPLE OF YOU
HONORARIES.

THAT'S MY
BLUSHING BRIDE--
LOSING NO TIME
TAKING
CHARGE!



SWIFTLY, THE ARTICULATE DR. OCCULT BRINGS THE
NEWCOMERS UP TO DATE...

...SO FATE'S BACK
BECAUSE OOM 'ONLY'
TRANSPORTED HIM
TO THE DARK SIDE OF
THE MOON, BUT I'VE
ONLY JUST LEARNED
THE WHEREABOUTS
OF THE OTHER EIGHT
REGULARS.

WELL, THAT'S
SOMETHING!
WHERE IN THE
WORLD UNDER
THESE RED SKIES
ARE THEY,
DOCTOR?



MY TALISMAN HERE INDICATES
THEY'RE NOT IN THIS WORLD AT
ALL-- BUT IN BETWEEN WORLDS.

THEY ARE,
AS SOME
WOULD SAY--
IN
HYPER-
SPACE!

GOOD LORD!
ARE YOU
SURE?

AS SURE AS I CAN BE
WITHOUT BEING ABLE
TO GO THERE,
LIBERTY BELLE.

BUT THERE'S
SOMETHING WE
CAN DO TOGETHER,
OCULT.

SINCE I CAN'T, THERE'S NOTHING
I CAN DO EVEN TO FIND OUT IF
THEY'RE LIVING OR DEAD.



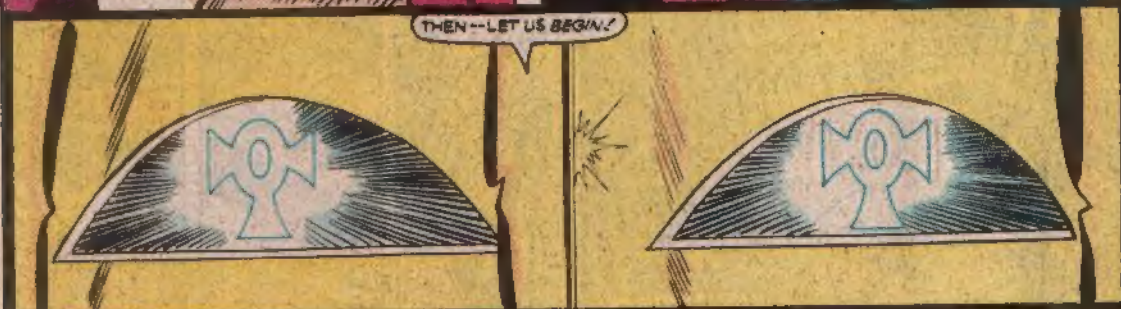
I MAY HAVE FEW MAGICAL POWERS LEFT, SINCE I
LOST THE HELMET OF NABU SOME TIME BACK--
BUT I'M BETTING WE CAN LOCATE OUR LOST
FRIENDS, IF WE POOL OUR POWERS OF
CONCENTRATION.

YOU'VE GOT MORE
FAITH THAN I HAVE,
FATE-- BUT I'LL SURE
GIVE IT A TRY.

GOOD BOY,
DOC!



THEN--LET US BEGIN!



I'M--CONCENTRATING
ON THE USAERS AS
HARD AS I CAN, FATE,
BUT--WAIT! I'M
GETTING SOMETHING!

IMAGES STARTED FORMING--
THE MINUTE YOU LAID
HANDS ON ME!

THINK
HARDER,
MAN! BRING
THOSE
IMAGES
INTO FOCUS!



YES--NOW I SEE THEM! ROCKET SHIPS OF
SOME KIND--STREAKING THROUGH STRANGE
SKIES--TOWARD WORLDS THAT SEEM LIKE
THE PLANETS OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM--

--BUT
THEY'RE
NOT!
THEY'RE
NOT!

THE IMAGES
ARE TUMBLING
OVER EACH OTHER
SWIFTLY NOW--
LIKE WAVES
BREAKING AGAINST
A ROCKY SHORE...



"...AND I'M MENTALLY ZEROING IN NOW ON ONE PARTICULAR ROCKET-- HEADED TOWARD A CANAL-STREAKED SPHERE THAT LOOKS JUST LIKE THE PLANET MARS!"

"THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN INSIDE-- A YOUNG ONE AT THAT. I THINK IT MUST BE--"

the atom

"WELL, WHEREVER I AM, I'M STILL IN ONE PIECE."

"WE'LL SEE IF THAT'S STILL THE CASE-- IF AND WHEN THIS CRATE LANDS!"

"WH-WHERE AM I...?"

"* BY THE SEVEN! NOW I'M HEARING VOICES FROM INSIDE, TOO! I'LL RELAY THE WORDS AND PICTURES TO YOU-- AS BEST I CAN..."

THIS CHAPTER'S ART BY **RYCK HOBBS**-- ADAPTING MATERIAL BY **GARDNER F. FOX** AND **JOE GALLAGHER** FROM ALL-STAR COMICS #13, 1942.

"THE ATOM'S WORDS GIVE NO CLUE AS TO HOW HE CAME TO BE INSIDE A HYPER-SPATIAL MISSILE--"

"YET-- I CAN FEEL SOMETHING NOW-- YES--"

"--THE ROCKET'S SLOWING DOWN, ENTERING THE ATMOSPHERE OF 'MARS'--"

"--AND LANDING BENEATH TWIN MOONS, BY MEANS OF SOME AUTOMATIC SYSTEM!"

SHROOOM!

"INSTRUMENTS INSIDE REGISTER OXYGEN WITHOUT, SO--"

"NOW! THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE A GARDENER'S DELIGHT!"

(CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING)

HEY! WHAT GOES ON
HERE? I DIDN'T MEAN
TO-- BUT I'M JUMPING
RIGHT OVER THE TREES!
THIS PLACE MUST HAVE
A FRACTION OF EARTH'S
GRAVITY.

FROM MY BROAD
JUMPING
EXHIBITION--

--AND THE RED
COLOR OF THE
GROUND--

--I'D ALMOST THINK
I WAS ON MARS!

BUT THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE--

NOW I KNOW
HOW SUPERMAN
FEELS! CAN
I TRAVEL!

--OR IS IT?

UH-OH! NOW WHAT?
SOUNDS LIKE SOME
KIND OF TROUBLE
UP AHEAD!

YEP-- TWO CREWS OF
HUMANOS, MIXING
IT UP.

MAYBE, SINCE I JUST GOT HERE,
I SHOULD STAY OUT OF IT...

...BUT SINCE WHEN DID I
EVER TAKE ANY ADVISE?

MY NEW LEADING
ABILITIES COME IN REAL
HANDY--

--ESPECIALLY SINCE
I JUST NATURALLY
JUMPED IN ON THE
SIDE OF THE UNDERDOGS.

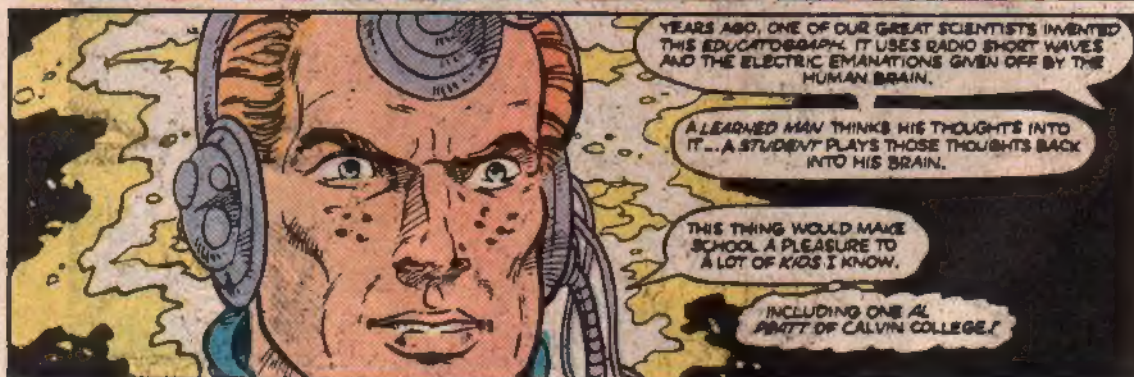
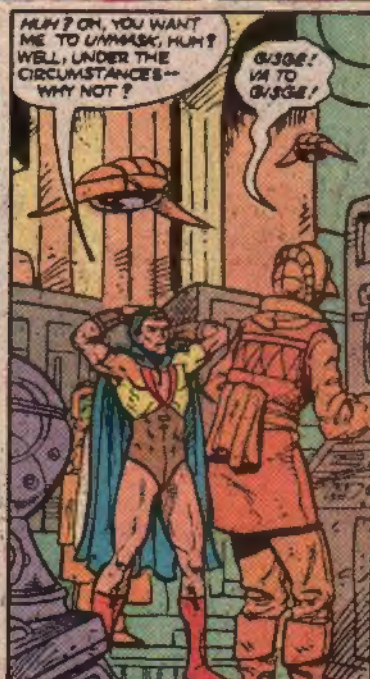
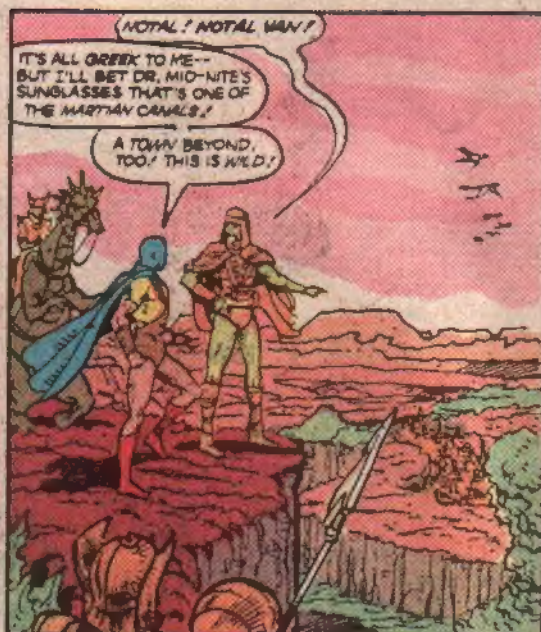
WISH I COULD
TOSS THE
OPPOSITION
AROUND LIKE
THIS BACK
ON EARTH.

THAT'D BE REAL
ATOMIC POWER--
BUCK ROGERS
STYLE!

WELL, THEY'VE HIGHTAILED IT. NO
SENSE IN GOING AFTER 'EM. ANYBODY
HERE CARE TO TELL ME WHAT THAT
BROUHAMA WAS ALL ABOUT?

BAR IS END!
NOTAL WAW!

YEAH, THERE'S
A LOT IN WHAT
YOU SAY.



WHERE ARE YOU FROM, LITTLE MAN?

PLACE CALLED EARTH, GOLDIE. BUT TELL ME MORE ABOUT YOUR WORLD, FIRST.

"THE POLAR CAP OF OUR PLANET MELTS EVERY YEAR, AND FILLS OUR CANALS WITH WATER.

THIS WATER PURNISHES US WITH DRINK AND ATMOSPHERE, WITHOUT WHICH WE WOULD DIE.

NOW BUTOR, KAGAR * OF THE SOUTHERN NATION, DEMANDS TRIBUTE FOR THE "ATMOSPHERE PLANTS" HE CONTROLS--OR HE WILL POISON ALL OUR WATER!

HHMM... MAYBE I CAN HELP. TAKE ME TO YOUR OWN KAGAR.

"PRINCE," MORE OR LESS. --Ray.

"THE ATOM FINDS HE IS ROYALLY WELCOMED BY THE NORTHERNER'S LEADER...

I THANK YOU FOR SAVING ONE OF OUR PATROLS.

IT WAS A GOOD SCRAP WHILE IT LASTED...BUT I'M ALREADY THINKING OF A BETTER ONE.

THE BEST DEFENSE IS A GOOD OFFENSE. I'LL GO TO THIS BUTOR AND CHANGE HIS MIND FOR HIM.

IF ONLY YOU COULD! BUT BUTOR IS WELL-GUARDED.

BACK ON EARTH, THINGS LIKE THAT NEVER BOTHERED THE JUSTICE SOCIETY?

"SOON, THE MIGHTY MITE IS SPEEDING OVER THE REDDISH GROUND ON THE KAGAR'S SWIFTEST MOUNT...

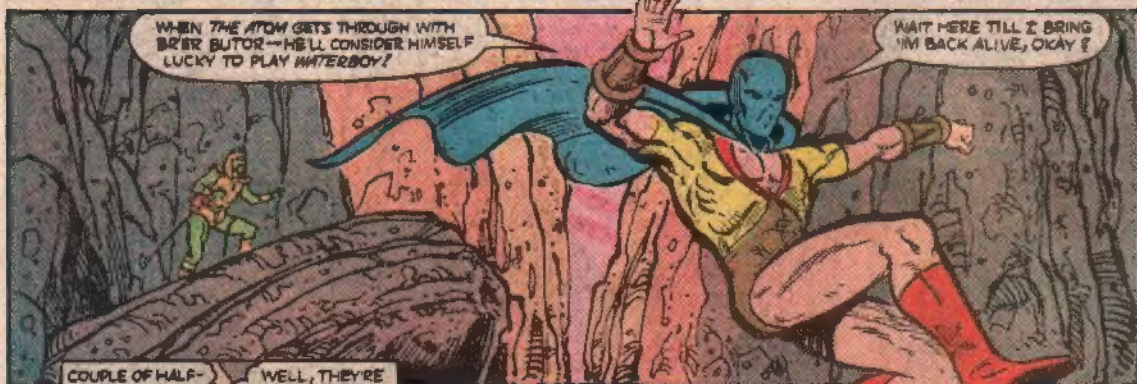
JUST WISH I KNEW IF THE OTHER JSAGS WERE OKAY. THEY'VE JUST GOTTA BE, SOMEHOW.

* NEARING THE CITY OF BUTOR, THE ATOM AND HIS GUIDE DESERT THEIR BERRIE STEERS...

SO PLANTS LIKE THIS ARE ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN THIS PLANET AND TEN KINDS OF DEATH. HUM?

YES, BUT IF BUTOR MANAGED TO SABOTAGE OUR PLANTS--POISON OUR PRECIOUS WATER--?

DON'T BUST A BASKET, FRIEND.



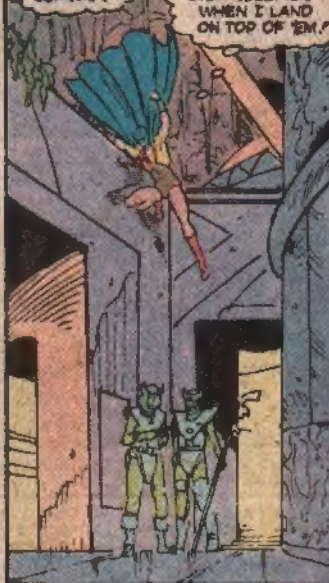
WHEN THE ATOM GETS THROUGH WITH BRIER BUTOR--HE'LL CONSIDER HIMSELF LUCKY TO PLAY WATERBOY!

WAIT HERE TILL I BRING 'IM BACK ALIVE, OKAY?

COUPLE OF HALF-DROWNING GUARDS?

WELL, THEY'RE GOING TO BE EVEN SLEEPER WHEN I LAND ON TOP OF 'EM!

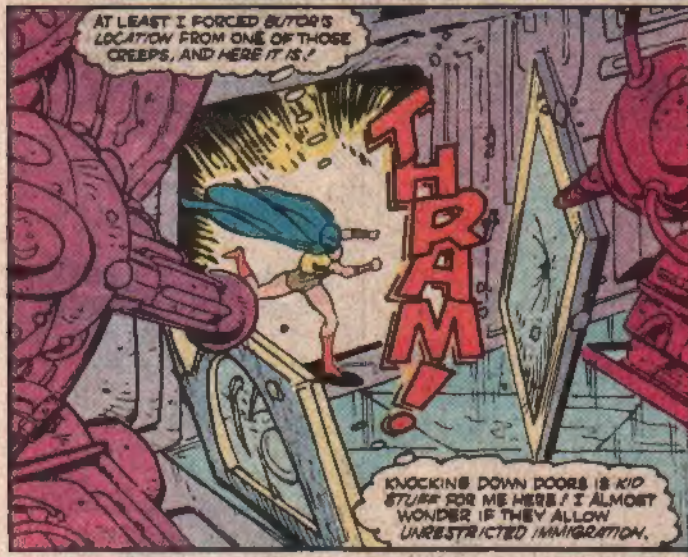
"AND NOW, THE SO-CALLED 'TINY TITAN' TEARS THROUGH THE CITY, LIKE THE EMBODIMENT OF RIGHTEOUS WRATH..."



LOOKS LIKE I'M GLAD-HANDING EVERYBODY!

BUT--WHAT'S THAT? OH, GREAT!

LOOKS LIKE MY SOUTHERN-FRIED BUDDIES COULDN'T WAIT--THEY'RE ATTACKING ON THEIR OWN.



AT LEAST I FORCED BUTOR'S LOCATION FROM ONE OF THOSE CREEPS, AND HERE IT IS!

THAM!

KNOCKING DOWN DOORS IS KID STUFF FOR ME HERE! I ALMOST WONDER IF THEY ALLOW UNRESTRICTED IMMIGRATION.



ALL RIGHT, BUTOR--COME OUT, COME OUT WHATEVER YOU ARE--RRRHH!

ELECTRICAL FIELD! I WALKED RIGHT INTO THAT ONE!

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING



BRAKDOOM!



"MARS" IS FADING NOW. ANOTHER MAGE TAKING ITS PLACE! IT RESEMBLES TELESCOPE PHOTOS I'VE SEEN OF JUPITER, COMPLETE WITH ITS MYSTERIOUS RED SPOT.

"NOW THE IMAGE WIDENS, TO TAKE IN THE ONE WHO IS GAZING UPON THE OTHER-DIMENSIONAL JUPITER. WHY, IT'S THE YEAH! CALLED--

STARMAN

GOOD LORD!
IF I'M WHERE
I THINK I
AM--!

BUT HOW CAN THAT
BE? THE LAST I RECALL,
THE HAWKMAN WAS
TALKING--THEN I
KEELED OVER.

THIS CHAPTER
ADAPTED FROM
MATERIAL BY
GARDNER F. FOX
AND
JACK BURNLEY

ART BY
ARVELL JONES &
ALFREDO ALCALA

"AMAZING! SINCE THE TALISMAN HAS MADE CONTACT THROUGH THE HEROES' MINDS, I CAN READ SOME OF THEIR MORE SURFACE THOUGHTS.

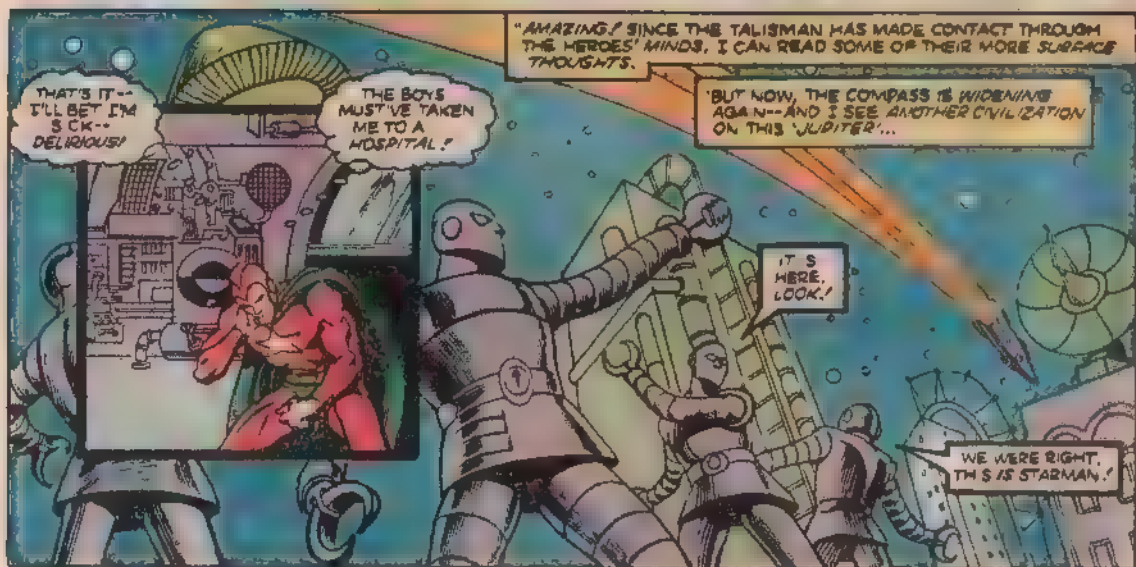
"BUT NOW, THE COMPASS IS WIDENING AGAIN--AND I SEE ANOTHER CIVILIZATION ON THIS 'JUPITER'...

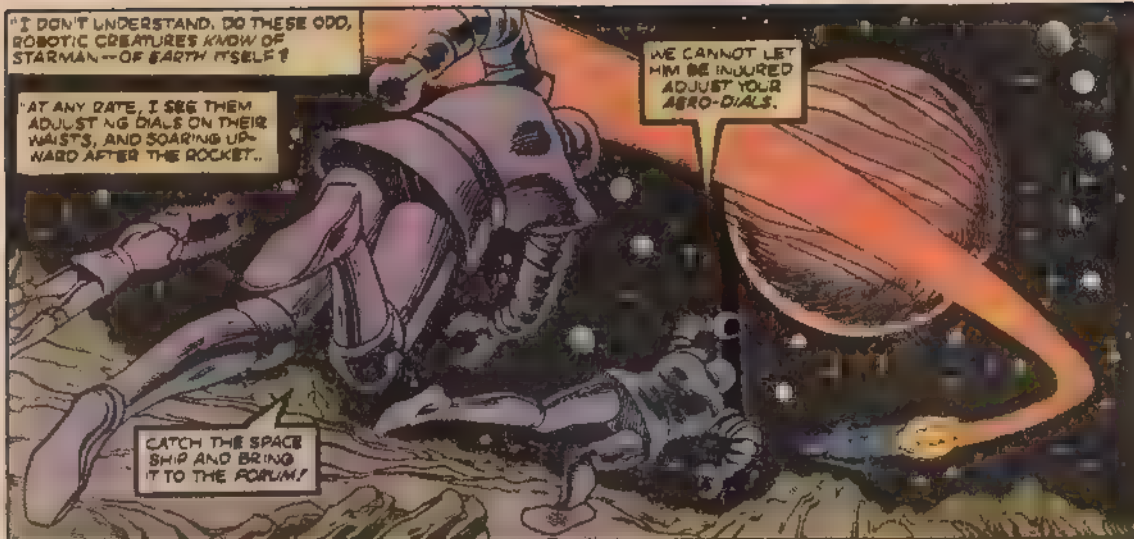
IT'S
HERE,
LOOK!

WE WERE RIGHT,
THAT'S STARMAN!

THAT'S IT--
I'LL BET I'M
SICK--
DELIRIOUS!

THE BOYS
MUST'VE TAKEN
ME TO A
HOSPITAL?



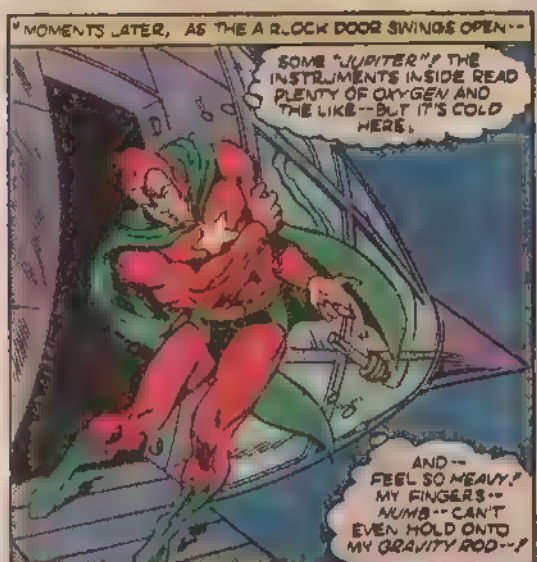


"I DON'T UNDERSTAND. DO THESE ODD, ROBOTIC CREATURES KNOW OF STARMAN--OF EARTH ITSELF?"

"AT ANY RATE, I SEE THEM ADJUSTING DIALS ON THEIR WAISTS, AND SOARING UPWARD AFTER THE ROCKET.."

WE CANNOT LET HIM BE INJURED ADJUST YOUR AERO-DIALS.

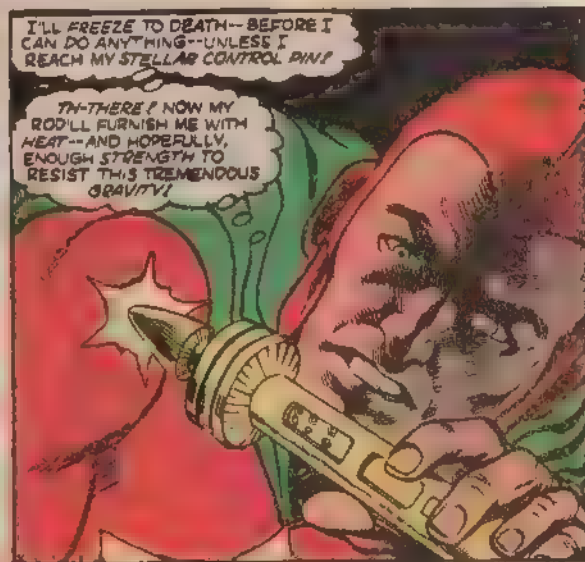
CATCH THE SPACE SHIP AND BRING IT TO THE FORUM!



"MOMENTS LATER, AS THE AIRLOCK DOOR SWINGS OPEN--"

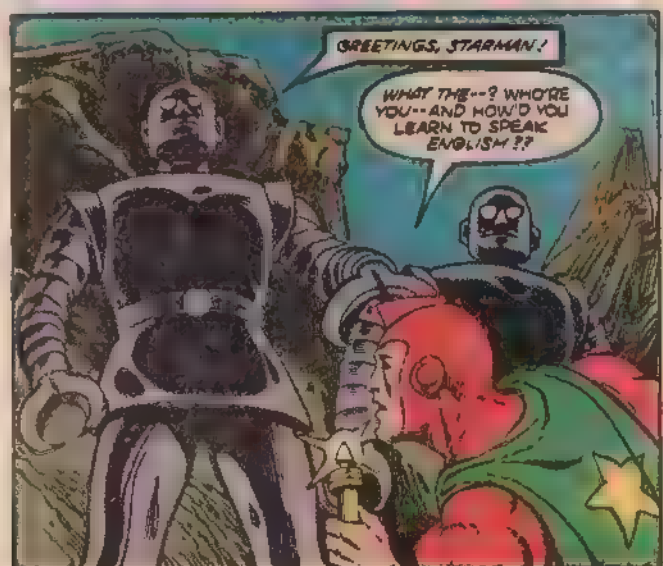
SOME "JUPITER"? THE INSTRUMENTS INSIDE READ PLenty OF OXYGEN AND THE LIKE--BUT IT'S COLD HERE.

AND-- FEEL SO HEAVY! MY FINGERS-- NUMB-- CAN'T EVEN HOLD ONTO MY GRAVITY ROD--!



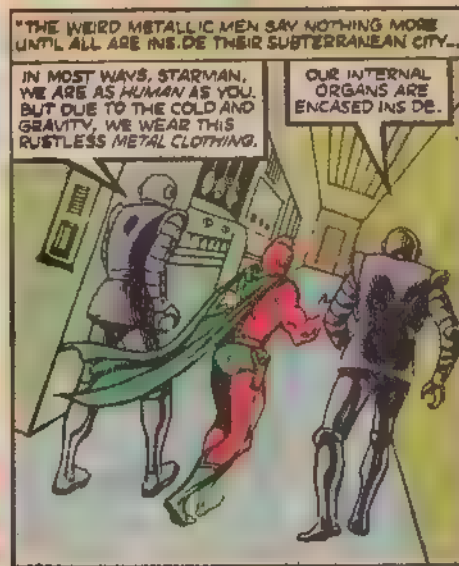
I'LL FREEZE TO DEATH-- BEFORE I CAN DO ANYTHING--UNLESS I REACH MY STELLAR CONTROL DIAL!

TH--THERE! NOW MY ROD'LL FURNISH ME WITH HEAT--AND HOPEFULLY, ENOUGH STRENGTH TO RESIST THIS TREMENDOUS GRAVITY!



GREETINGS, STARMAN!

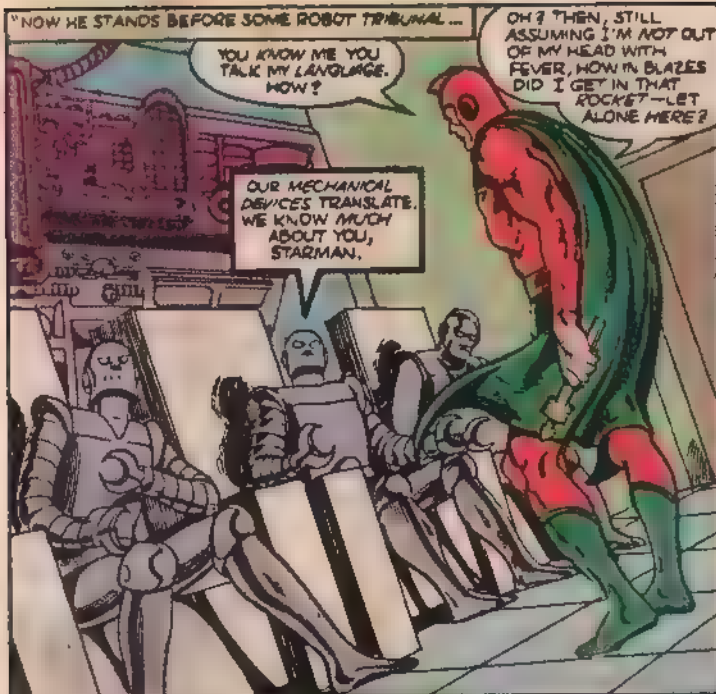
WHAT THE--? WHO'RE YOU--AND HOW'D YOU LEARN TO SPEAK ENGLISH??



"THE WEIRD METALLIC MEN SAY NOTHING MORE UNTIL ALL ARE INSIDE THEIR SUBTERRANEAN CITY.."

IN MOST WAYS, STARMAN, WE ARE AS HUMAN AS YOU. BUT DUE TO THE COLD AND GRAVITY, WE WEAR THIS RUSTLESS METAL CLOTHING.

OUR INTERNAL ORGANS ARE ENCASED INSIDE.

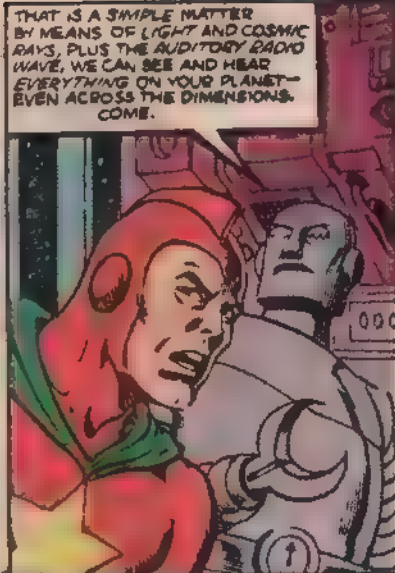


"NOW HE STANDS BEFORE SOME ROBOT TRIBUNAL ...

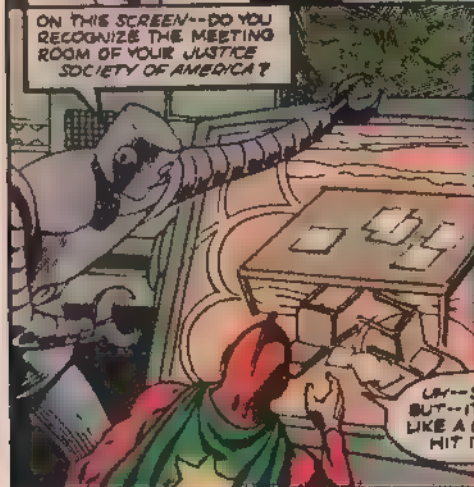
YOU KNOW ME YOU
TALK MY LANGUAGE.
NOW?

OUR MECHANICAL
DEVICES TRANSLATE.
WE KNOW MUCH
ABOUT YOU,
STARMAN.

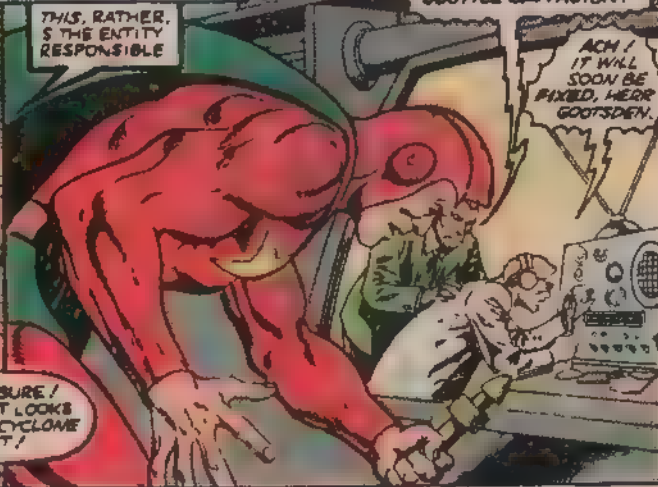
OH? THEN, STILL
ASSUMING I'M NOT OUT
OF MY HEAD WITH
FEVER, HOW IN BLAZES
DID I GET IN THAT
ROCKET--LET
ALONE HERE?



THAT IS A SIMPLE MATTER
BY MEANS OF LIGHT AND COSMIC
RAYS, PLUS THE AUDITORY RADIO
WAVE, WE CAN SEE AND HEAR
EVERYTHING ON YOUR PLANET--
EVEN ACROSS THE DIMENSIONS.
COME.



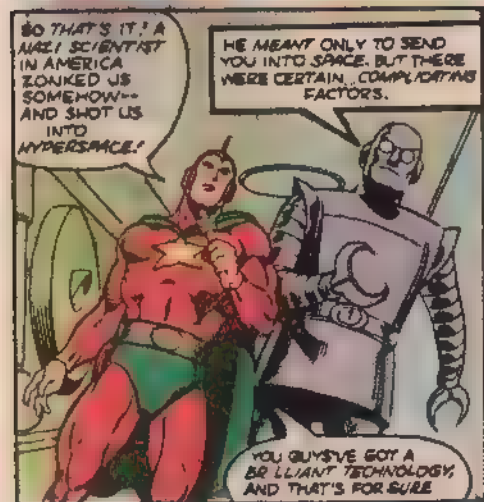
ON THIS SCREEN--DO YOU
RECOGNIZE THE MEETING
ROOM OF YOUR JUSTICE
SOCIETY OF AMERICA?



THIS, RATHER,
S THE ENTITY
RESPONSIBLE

UM--SURE!
BUT--IT LOOKS
LIKE A CYCLONE
HIT IT!

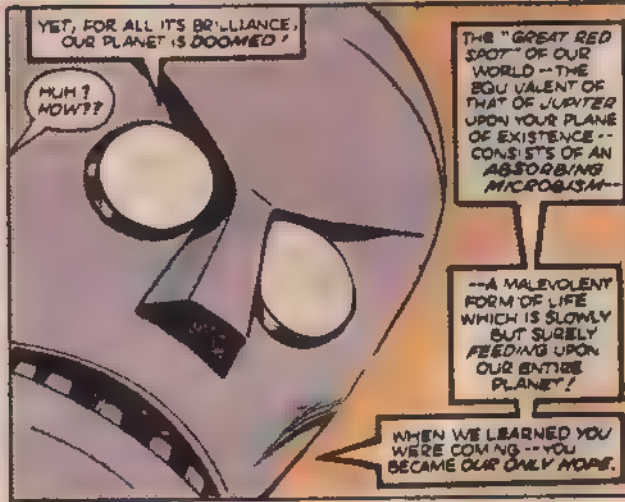
ACH!
IT WILL
SOON BE
FIXED, HEAR
GUTSDEN.



SO THAT'S IT? A
NAZI SCIENTIST
IN AMERICA
ZONKED US
SOMEHOW--
AND SHOT US
INTO
HYPERSPACE!

HE MEANT ONLY TO SEND
YOU INTO SPACE. BUT THERE
WERE CERTAIN "COMPLICATING
FACTORS."

YOU GUYS'VE GOT A
BRILLIANT TECHNOLOGY,
AND THAT'S FOR SURE



YES, FOR ALL ITS BRILLIANCE,
OUR PLANET IS DOOMED!

HUH?
HOW??

THE "GREAT RED
SPOT" OF OUR
WORLD--THE
EQUVALENT OF
THAT OF JUPITER
UPON YOUR PLANE
OF EXISTENCE--
CONSISTS OF AN
ABSORBING
MICROBISM--

--A MALEVOLENT
FORM OF LIFE
WHICH IS SLOWLY
BUT SURELY
FEEDING UPON
OUR ENTIRE
PLANET!

WHEN WE LEARNED YOU
WERE COMING--YOU
BECAME OUR ONLY HOPE.

I--I DON'T KNOW WHAT I CAN DO, IF YOUR SCIENCE HAS FAILED-- BUT I'LL GIVE IT THE OLD COLLEGE TRY.

AFTER ALL, MY GRAVITY ROD TAPS THE POWER OF THE STARS OF MY OWN COSMOS.

"TURNING ON THE AERO-DYNAMIC FORCE OF HIS OWN POWER BELT, A METAL MAN STRIKE INTO THE 'JUPITERIAN' SKY ALONGSIDE STARMAN--

TAKE ME TO THE RED SPOT!

IT IS JUST BEYOND THE DARK MOUNTAINS--

THERE IT IS-- BELOW US!

UGLY STUFF-- ISN'T IT?

I'LL INCREASE THE GRAVITATIONAL CONSTANT ON MY ROD-- AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

LOOK OUT! IT IS LEAPING STRAIGHT UP FOR US!

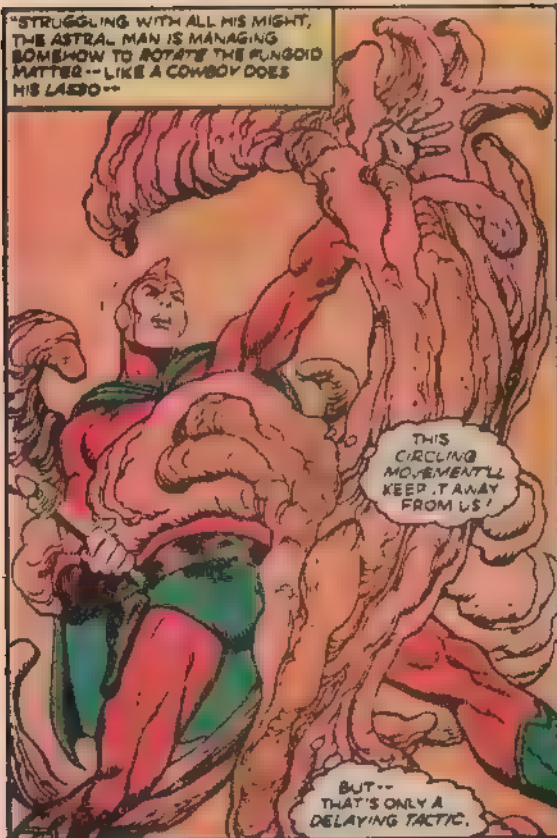
I - DIDN'T FIGURE ON THIS!

IT WILL ENGULF US IN AN INSTANT!

IT IS EATING ME! I CAN FEEL IT!

IT'S LIKE LIVING QUICKSAND-- PULLING US DOWN TOWARD ITS MAIN MASS!

"STRUGGLING WITH ALL HIS MIGHT, THE ASTRAL MAN IS MANAGING SOMEHOW TO ROTATE THE FUNGOID MATTER -- LIKE A COWBOY DOES HIS LASSO --"



"THIS CIRCLING MOVEMENT'LL KEEP IT AWAY FROM US!"

"BUT -- THAT'S ONLY A DELAYING TACTIC."

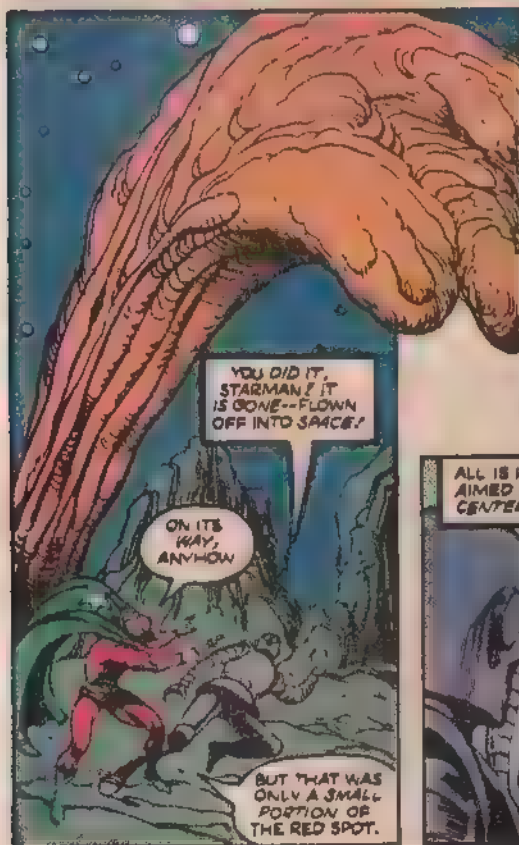


"NOW -- IF I'M LUCKY -- A QUICK SNAP-THU-WIND MOVEMENT, AND --"



"MAN! THERE SHE GOES --"

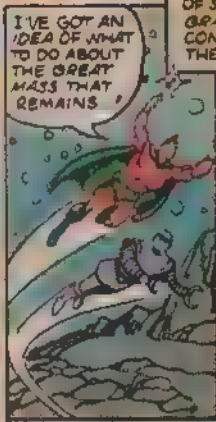
"--AND WHERE SHE STOPS NOBODY KNOWS!"



"YOU DID IT, STARMAN! IT IS GONE -- FLOWN OFF INTO SPACE!"

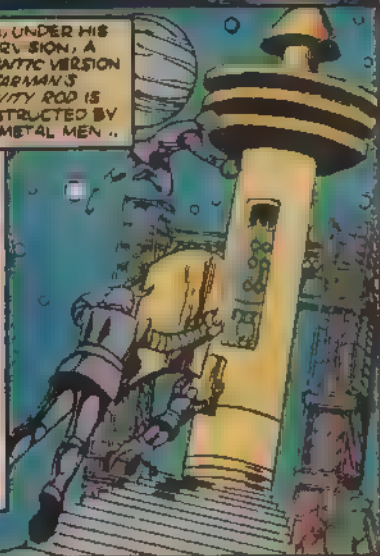
"ON ITS WAY, ANYHOW"

"BUT THAT WAS ONLY A SMALL PORTION OF THE RED SPOT."



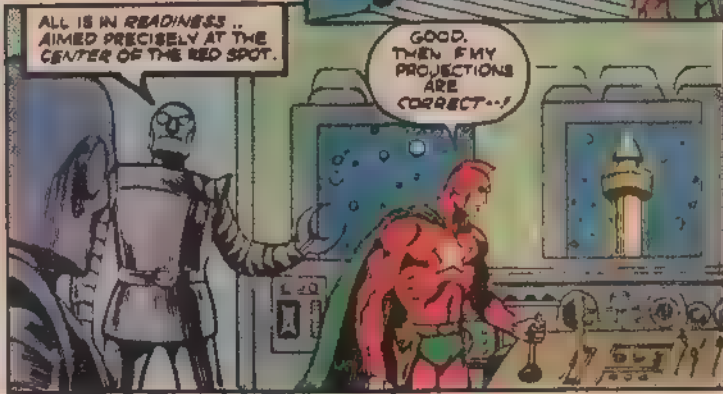
"I'VE GOT AN IDEA OF WHAT TO DO ABOUT THE GREAT MASS THAT REMAINS."

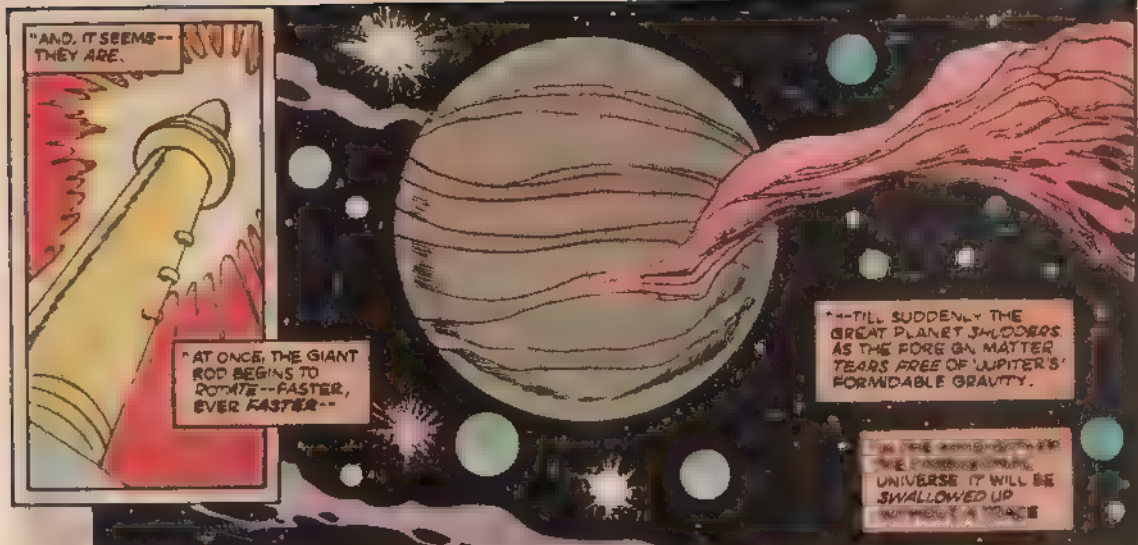
"SOON, UNDER HIS SUPERVISION, A GIGANTIC VERSION OF STARMAN'S GRAVITY ROD IS CONSTRUCTED BY THE METAL MEN .."



"ALL IS IN READINESS .. AIMED PRECISELY AT THE CENTER OF THE RED SPOT."

"GOOD. THEN MY PROJECTIONS ARE CORRECT --!"



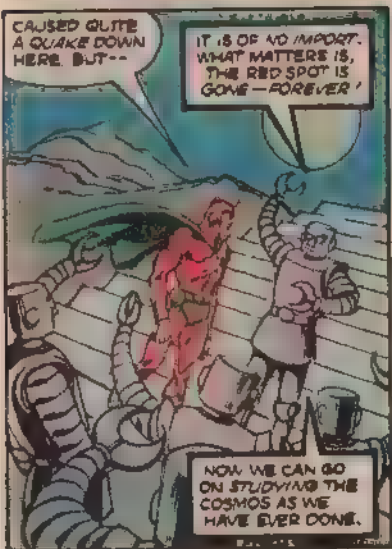


"AND, IT SEEMS--
THEY ARE."

"AT ONCE, THE GIANT
ROD BEGINS TO
ROTATE--FASTER,
EVER FASTER--"

"--TIL' SUDDENLY THE
GREAT PLANET SHUDDERS
AS THE FORMIDABLE GRAVITY
TEARS FREE OF JUPITER'S
FORMIDABLE GRAVITY."

"IN THE END, THE
UNIVERSE IT WILL BE
SWALLOWED UP
BY THE GREAT ROD."



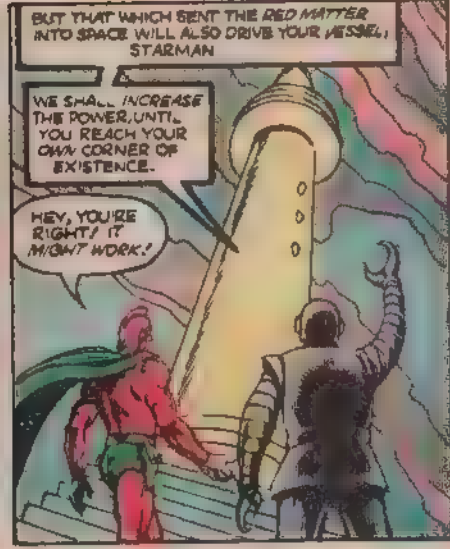
CAUSED QUITE
A QUAKE DOWN
HERE BUT--

IT IS OF NO IMPORT.
WHAT MATTERS IS,
THE RED SPOT IS
GONE--FOREVER!

NOW WE CAN GO
ON STUDYING THE
COSMOS AS WE
HAVE EVER DONE.



LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO
JOIN YOU. THERE WAS
ONLY ENOUGH FUEL IN
MY ROCKET TO BRING
ME HERE--NOT TAKE
ME BACK



BUT THAT WHICH SENT THE RED MATTER
INTO SPACE WILL ALSO DRIVE YOUR VESSEL,
STARMAN

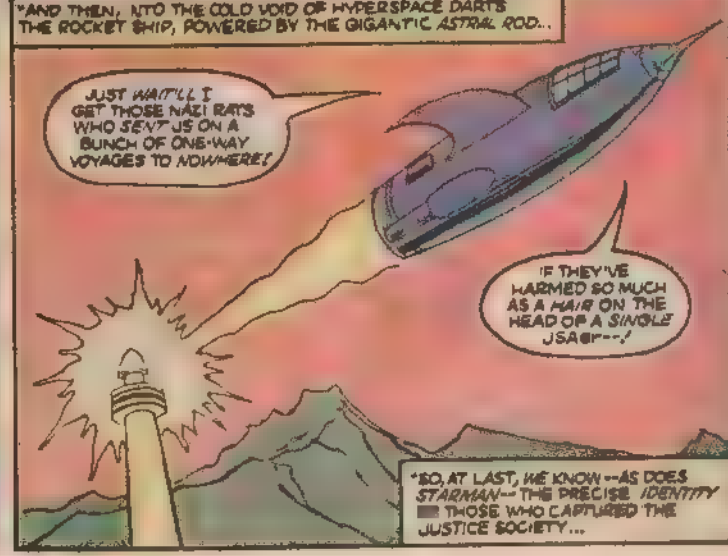
WE SHALL INCREASE
THE POWER, UNTIL
YOU REACH YOUR
OWN CORNER OF
EXISTENCE.

HEY, YOU'RE
RIGHT! IT
MIGHT WORK!



TAKE THESE TONES WITH
YOU. THEY TELL HOW TO
TREAT ANY METAL SO IT
MAY BE MADE
TRANSPARENT--EVEN
IN-VIS-BLE.

YAHOO!
IMAGINE A
FLEET OF
AMERICAN
IN-VIS-BLE
BOMBERS
DROPPING
THEIR EGGS
ON TOKYO
AND BERLIN!



"AND THEN, INTO THE COLD VOID OF HYPERSPACE DARTS
THE ROCKET SHIP, POWERED BY THE GIGANTIC ASTRAL ROD..."

JUST WAIT! I
GET THOSE NAZI RATS
WHO SENT US ON A
BUNCH OF ONE-WAY
VOYAGES TO NOWHERE!

IF THEY'VE
HARMED SO MUCH
AS A HAIR ON THE
HEAD OF A SINGLE
JSAER--!

"SO, AT LAST, WE KNOW--AS DOES
STARMAN--THE PRECISE IDENTITY
THOSE WHO CAPTURED THE
JUSTICE SOCIETY..."

"YET EVEN AS SHE LIES ON EARTH, ANOTHER TAKES ITS PLACE IN THE FRAMES OF MY MYSTIC TALISMAN, AND THIS IS, PERHAPS, THE STRANGEST IMAGE OF ALL!"

"FOR, I SEE A THIRD MISSILE, BEARING DOWN UPON A BURNING PLANET WHICH CAN ONLY BE THE LETHAL MENS-ON-A-METAL'S, FOOT-AND-HEE SUTRA 2 AREA. WILL MYSELF WOMEN BOAR SEWARD?"

BUT THE STRANGE, FOR WE KNOW GLIDES THE ROCKY DOWNWARD—CAN SHE TRULY BE THE ONE MY "A SWAN" TELL ME SHE IS? THE GODDESS APPROXIMATE?

THEY ARE THE PARTS OF THE FETTER, CAN BE USED OTHER THAN—

Wonder Woman

"THE HEAVENLY WHEELS, BEING A MATCH ON THE ROCKY, AND OPEN IT."

"NOW, THERE'S A JOB, WITHIN!"

"WE MUST GET HER OUT BEFORE THE RING OF DEATH, AND TEST THE SHOCK OF HER!"

THE CHAPTER ADAPTED FROM WITTED BY BARBARA A. FOLY, WILLIAM WOLFE FOR HANSTON IN HIS PETER

ART BY RICHARD HOWELL

"AND SO, WONDER WOMAN IS WRAPPED IN A NET OF GOLD..."

WE WILL TAKE HER
TO QUEEN DESIRA!

YES, SHE MAY
BE DANGEROUS--
LIKE THE METEOR
MEN.

"THESE 'EVILS' ARE
TOO, HAVE THE GIFT
OF 'DAGLES' WHICH
ALLOWS ANY VISITOR
TO COMPREHEND
THEIR SPEECH."

I AM DES RA, QUEEN OF WINGWORLD,
WHO ARE YOU--AND WHENCE COME YOU?

I AM PRINCESS DIANA, OF
THE AMAZONS--ALSO CALLED
WONDER WOMAN.

WONDER WOMAN?
THE ORACLE OF
ARHOD--TE FORETOLD
YOUR COMING--AND
WE STAND IN NEED
OF YOUR HELP!

HOW CAN I HELP YOU?

IT'S OUR MEN. THEY ARE
WINGLESS--AND SO THEY
OBEY US WOMEN. FOR IF
THEY DID NOT, WE WOULD
FLY AWAY, AND THEY
COULD NOT FOLLOW.

SO WHAT'S
YOUR PROBLEM?

IT'S THE METEOR COMAS
SOLA! IT CAME DOWN HERE,
AND POWERFUL WARRIORS
FROM IT ARE KILLING AND
CAPTURING OUR MEN, SINCE
WE HAVE NO WEAPONS.

WE WOMEN ARE SAFE
BECAUSE WE HAVE
WINGS BUT--
AIEEEEE!

SO? LET ME
SEE YOU FLY
AWAY FROM
THIS SWORD,
DESIRA!

GREAT HERA!
THESE ARE THE
METEOR MEN!!

"WONDER WOMAN
MUST STILL BE
GROGGY FROM HER
FLIGHT, FOR SHE
STANDS HELPLESSLY
BY--"

---AND INDEED, ALLOWS HERSELF TO BE
COERCED INTO BINDING THE QUEEN

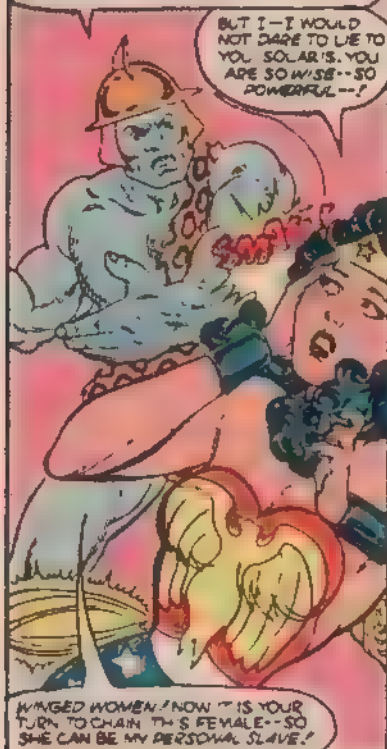
BIND THEIR WINGS
TIGHTLY--OR WE
WILL CUT THEM
OFF!

DO NOT DESPAIR.
I HAVE A PLAN.

I AM SOLARIS. YOU HAVE NO WINGS
LIKE THESE OTHER WOMEN. DID YOU
LOSE THEM, PERHAPS, IN WAR?

I AM FROM
ANOTHER WORLD.
AT HOME I FLY
IN A MACHINE.

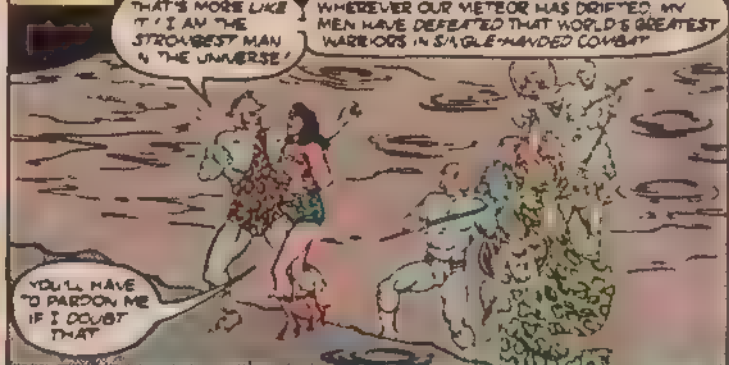
DO NOT SEEK TO LIE TO ME, FEMALE! WHO COULD MAKE A MACHINE THAT FLIES?



BUT I—I WOULD NOT DARE TO LIE TO YOU, SOLARIS. YOU ARE SO WISE—SO POWERFUL—!

WINGED WOMEN! NOW IT IS YOUR TURN TO CHAIN THIS FEMALE—SO SHE CAN BE MY PERSONAL SLAVE!

"FUNNY, WONDER WOMAN'S ALMOST SMILING AS THOSE GIRLS CHAIN HER WRISTS. I DON'T—"



THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! I AM THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE UNIVERSE!

WHEREVER OUR METEOR WAS DRIFTED, MY MEN HAVE DEFEATED THAT WORLD'S GREATEST WARRIORS IN SINGLE-HANDED COMBAT!

YOU'LL HAVE TO PARDON ME IF I DOUBT THAT!

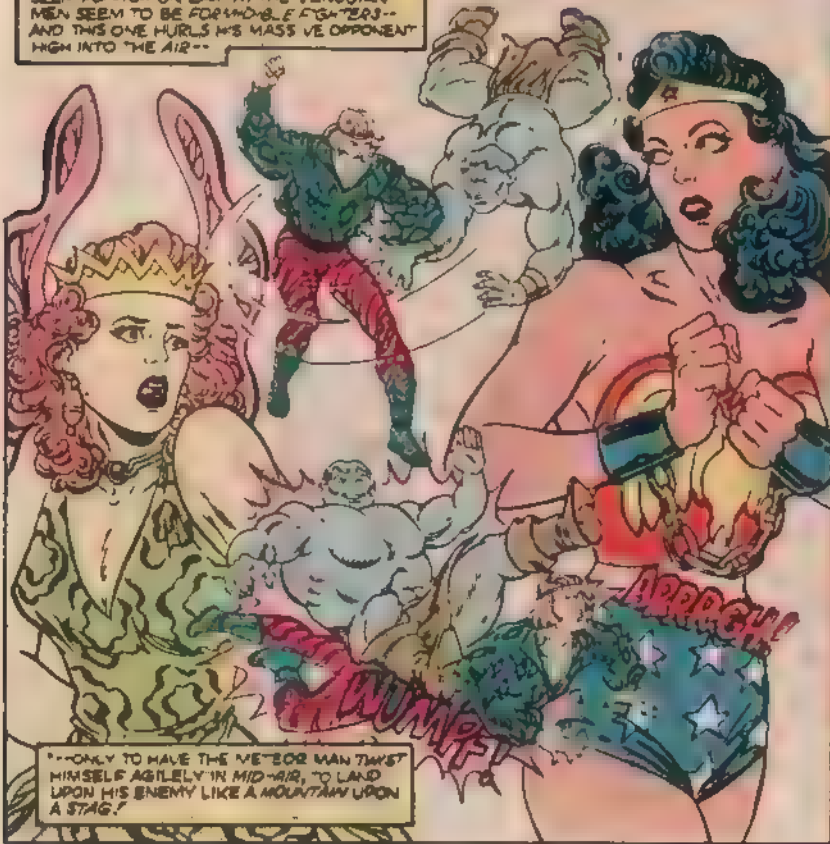
I WILL PROVE IT TO YOU! THIS MAN IS THE MOST FIERCE OF THIS WORLD'S WARRIORS.

I WILL GIVE HIM FREEDOM IF HE BEATS MY MAN—DEATH IF HE FALLS!



ACCEPTED! I CHALLENGE ANY METEOR MAN TO COMBAT FOR MY OWN WOMAN, LUPA!

"THOUGH THEY WEAR CLOTHES THAT WOULD SEEM FOREIGN ON EARTH, THE VENUSIAN MEN SEEM TO BE FEARFUL FIGHTERS-- AND THIS ONE HURLS HIS MASSIVE OPPONENT HIGH INTO THE AIR--"



"--ONLY TO HAVE THE METEOR MAN TWIST HIMSELF AGILELY IN MID-AIR, TO LAND UPON HIS ENEMY LIKE A MOUNTAIN UPON A STAG!"

STOP! MY WOMEN AND I WILL SURRENDER TO YOU GLADLY--IF ONLY YOU DO NOT HURT OUR MEN!



YOUR MEN ARE WEAKLINGS!

WE WILL KILL THEM ALL!



WE'LL HAVE OTHER USES FOR IT, FEMALE. NOW REMOVE YOUR PERSON FROM OFF SOLARIS--OR I WILL KILL THE QUEEN!

I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOUR MEN WERE NO MORE HONORABLE THAN YOU, SOLARIS.

DO YOU CONDONE THIS TREACHERY?

OF COURSE! THIS TIME, TIE HER ARMS-- WITH HER OWN ROPE OF METAL LINKS!

THE ONE THING I CAN NEVER HOPE TO BREAK--!

STILL, SOLARIS IS OCCUPIED ELSEWHERE FOR THE MOMENT.

IF ONLY I COULD GET INSIDE THE STOCKADE, THE WINGED WOMEN COULD UNTIE ME.

THIS SITUATION CALLS FOR--

FRAX!

--A LITTLE FOOTWORK!

THIS PART IS EASY.

BUT I'VE GOT TO ACT FAST!

"QUICKLY, WONDER WOMAN AND QUEEN DESIRA FREE ONE ANOTHER--"

GUARDS WILL COME AT ANY MOMENT. I'LL STAY HERE AND DEFEND THE PRISONERS.

YOU FLY WITH MY MAGIC LASSO AND CAPTURE SOLARIS!

THANK YOU. IT IS ONLY JUST THAT HE SHOULD BE MADE CAPTIVE BY MY HAND.

"SECONDS LATER, THE METEOR MEN ENTER THE COMPOUND, AND--"

SPLANG!

THIS IS CHILD'S PLAY COMPARED TO STOPPING BULLETS BACK ON EARTH!

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

